

T H E Wealthy Farmers Choice,

Or, *The Beautiful Damosels Fortunate Marriage.*

Fair Beauty bright, was his delight,
he would not Wed for Gold;

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In his Loves Face, each Charming Grace,
his Farcy did behold.

To the Tune of *Gold and Straw.*

This may be Printed, *R. P.*



Near a pleasant shady Grove,
in prime of Summer weather,
There a Young-man and his Love,
was sitting close together;
In sug'ed words to her he speaks,
saying, he'd ne'r disgrace her,
Then stroaking her fair Rosie Cheeks,
he lovingly did Embrace her.

Then he took her by the Hand;
saying, I come to Wooe thee,
I have Riches, House and Land,
with which I will Endow thee:

All that's mine thou shalt enjoy,
my Love and only Honey;
Then let us Kiss, and be not Coy,
thou shalt not want for Money.

Like a Lady fair and gay,
my dear I will Attire,
Therefore do not say him nay,
who does you so admire:
For ever since I saw your Eyes,
I have been in care surrounded,
O do not seem to Oppannize,
over a true Lover wounded.

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He expect his Lopalcy,
and proffer'd to advance her,
But the Maid in Modesty,
returned him this answer:
Saying, my self i'll not ingage,
but reckon some years to tarry,
I am not Sixteen years of Age,
and therefore too young to Marry.

Love, said he, I pray forbear,
this seeming feigned Story,
Youth and Beauty may compare,
with Flora in her Glory:
But pray what Man alive will wed,
or in thy least come a Wooing,
To Winters Snowy frosty head,
where Beauty is run to ruine?

Some Young Men will Court for Coyne
and with Old Wives will Marry,
But this is not my design,
for fear I should miscarry:
For i'll not have one Kitch if Old,
such Wives young Men ne'r please;
For I should have with bags of Gold,
a thousand or two Diseases.

But in thy sweet Charming Face,
the Red Rose and the Lilly
Does appear with such a Grace,
the which has wounded Willy:
I thee adore, my Dear, my Dove;
might I have the choice of many,
Give me the Lass I dearly love,
tho' her Portion be not one Penny.

I have Sheep and Lambs good store,
and likewise Corn each Harbell,
Yet if I had ten times more,
it should be at thy service.
She hearing what her Love did say,
she presently consented,
And they were Marry'd last Holiday,
and now they live both contented.

He having thus obtain'd the Prize,
their joys are both complicated,
Now they do to Riches rise,
no Lovers better seated:
Since she did willingly comply,
there needed no Disputation,
She is a Jewel in his Eye,
and the Glory of all the Nation.

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge.